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Fisher's Edition of Standard Farces.

MONSIEUR TONSON.

A POPULAR FARCE,

In Two Acts:

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.,

Author of "The Somnambulist;" "Spectre Bridegroom;" "Tom and Jerry;" "Cataract of the Ganges;" &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,

WITH COSTUME, CAST OF CHARACTERS, AND THE WHOLE OF

THE STAGE BUSINESS,

AS NOW PERFORMED IN ALL

THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES

PHILADELPHIA:
TURNER & FISHER, 11 N. SIXTH ST.,
52 CHATHAM ST., NEW-YORK.

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COSTUME.

MONSIEUR MORBLEU.—Striped coat with large buttons, white waistcoat embroidered, red breeches, striped stockings, shoes and buckles.

MR. THOMPSON.—Slate colour coat, embroidered waistcoat, slate color breeches, white stockings, shoes and buckles.

TOM KING.—Fashionable frock coat and waistcoat, white cord breeches, and top-boots.

JACK ARDOURLY.—Blue coat, white waistcoat and trowsers.

RUSTY.—Brown coat and breeches, red waistcoat.

USEFUL.—Light blue livery jacket, striped waistcoat, white breeches, and top boots.

NAP.—Watchman's coat and red night cap.

TRAP & WANTEM.—Frock coats, red waistcoats, drab breeches and gaiters.

FIP.—Brown fashionable coat, white waistcoat, and striped trowsers.

WAITER.—Blue coat, striped waistcoat, white breeches and stockings.

ADOLPHINE.—A white leno morning dress, white chip hat.

MADAME BELLEGARDE—Embroidered satin gown, red petticoat with furbelows, a high French cap, and high heel shoes.

MRS. THOMPSON.—A white muslin pelisse, fashionable bonnet, scarf, &c.

STAGE REMARKS;

R. means *Right*; L. *Left;* C. *Centre;* R. C. *Right of Centre;* L. C. *Left of Centre;* D. F. *Door in Flat;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* C. D. *Centre Door.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	New York.		Philadelphia.
	NATIONAL.	PARK.	CHESNUT ST.
Mr. Thompson,	Mr. Stanley.	Mr. Fisher.	Mr. Hathwell.
Jack Ardourly,	" De Bar.	" Wheatly.	" Lindsay.
Tom King,	" J. Wallack, jr.	" Hield.	" Wood.
Monsieur Morblieu,	" Hackett.	" Hackett.	" Hackett.
Rusty,	" Roger's.	" Wells.	" Darley.
Useful,	" Barnett.	" Povey.	" Watson.
Fip.	" Hautonville.	" Johnson.	" Kelly.
Nap,—the watchman,	" Mitchell.	" Nexson.	" A. Thompson.
Snap,	" Russell.	" Gallot.	" Eberle.
Trap,	" Ames.	" Hayden.	" Jones.
Wantem,	" Stewart.	" King.	" Coad.
George,		" Garland.	" Crowley.
Adolphine de Courcy,	Mrs. Hautonville.	Miss Pritchard.	Mrs. Walstein.
Madame Bellegarde,	" Russell.	Mrs. Vernon.	" Thayer.
Mrs. Thompson,	" Rivers.	" Davic.	Miss Armstrong.

MONSIEUR TONSON.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Hart Street, Bloomsbury. Evening.*

Enter ADOLPHINE, *hastily*, L.

Adolphine. Am I in safety? (*Looking round.*) Yes; I have, at length, eluded my pursuer. Unfortunate Adolphine! Is it not enough that I am an emigrant from my native France; that an impenetrable mystery hangs over my birth; that I am only prevented being wholly dependant on the meagre exertions of one as wretched as myself, for support, by the sale of a few trifling drawings; but whenever, as now, I venture out, I must be the sport and prey of every libertine I meet? (*Noise without*, L.) Ah! let me fly! he is here again! Wretched, wretched girl! [*Exit, hastily.*

Enter ARDOURLY *in pursuit*, L.

Ardourly. Confusion! she has escaped me once more. What an unlucky dog I am! to behold the only object I feel I can ever love, merely to lose her. Never did tormenting fate lead a man astray with such beauteous will-o'-the wisps, as those piercing sparklers and twinkling little feet of her's. She's lost—I'm lost—we're both lost. What the devil shall I do? D——c, I'll raise a hue and cry—I'll—but—no, I ll not give her up. Yet, which way has she gone? which way must I go? Here's a stranger coming, I'll inquire if he has seen her.

Enter TOM KING, R.

Pray, sir, have you seen a young woman!—Eh? why zounds! 'tis my old friend, Tom King.

King. What, Jack Ardourly! inquiring after a petticoat in the neighborhood of Monmouth-street? We shall have Cupid turning old clothesman next. But, egad! my dear lad, I'm devilish glad to see you. Why, I haven't had the pleasure of meeting with you since your rich uncle, old

Thompson, popped so suddenly from the clouds, and made you presumptive heir to one of the first fortunes in the three kingdoms; I congratulate you, faith!

Ardourly. Congratulate me! pity me. What's the finding an old uncle, to the loosing an angelic girl? What's the favour of fortune to the malice of fate? I am the most miserable dog in existence!

King. Miserable about a wench! muslin-struck, quite. Ha, ha, ha! Some tea-drinking milliner, I warrant her; playing at hide and seek to some wealthy fool to wed her. Was there ever such folly? Oh! Jack Ardourly, Jack Ardourly!

Ardourly. Laugh at me, if you please, but hear me. If love is a folly, it is one I am up to my neck in. Ten minutes since, my heart was as free as your's; but, as the mischievous spirit of Cupid would have it, making a short cut from Long's, I met a lovely girl, who instantaneously effected a conquest of me; I started my fair game in Soho, she declined my attentions in Greek-street, bade me leave her in the most imperative mood imaginable; assumed tragedy airs in Berwick-street, gave me the slip in Cranbourn alley, and was lost in St Martin's-lane. I tracked the dear angel again in St. Giles's, but again parted with her and my heart in—

King. Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square. Ha, ha! This is whimsical enough; but what sort of a divinity is this walking Venus, this flying goddess, this hunting Diana, of your's?

Ardourly. Her dress and manners are evidently French, but her person is heavenly; her—

King. Ah! I see; one of those pretty emigrants we have lately imported from Paris, with other French toys, to adorn our streets and amuse our leisure hours. I'll soon rout her for you, my boy! we'll set out on a voyage of discovery directly. What latitude did she sail in?

Ardourly. I last missed her in this direction.

[*Pointing off,* R

King. Allons! then, you shall find me as sharp as a needle, in guiding you to this polar star of beauty of your's. We'll search every Frenchman's house in London, but we'll find her. We'll rummage Paddington, rout out Pancras, peep into Pentonville, summons Clerkenwell, and scour the Seven Dials for her.

Ardourly. And do you think we shall succeed?

King. When did Tom King ever fail, when the object was to serve a friend and to promote mirth? I'll make you happy, my lad! Zounds! for a quiz, a hoax, a joke, a jest, a song, a dance, a catch, a tale, a race, or a row, Tom King would'nt turn his back on any man in England. A'n't I the choice spirit of the day, the jolly dog, the roaring boy, the knowing lad, the rare blood, the prime buck, the rum soul, the funny fellow? Emperor of the Cockonians! Chairman of the Jacks! General of the Lubber Troop! Master of the Mugs! Chief of the Eccentrics! Member of Daffy's! President of the Flounder Club! Founder of the Snugs! Passed Noble Grand of the Odd Fellows! and Vice of half the Freemasons' Lodges in the kingdom! Oh, d——e! Tom King's the man! so come along, my boy.

[*Exeunt*, R.

Enter THOMPSON *and* RUSTY, L.

Rusty. Well, well, master, I don't mind letting you have the run of the key for an hour or two, if I go with you, and you can shew good cause.

Thompson. I can, I can. These French drawings which I sent you to purchase in Rathbone-place, that I might refresh my memory of Paris, are subscribed with a name that has unsettled all my plans again. See, Rusty, see—Adolphine de Courcy! the very maiden name of my lost wife! The owner of this name lives, you say, in Seven Dials?

Rusty. Ay; with Mounseer Morbleu, a French barber, one of your emigrants; at least, so the man at the shop told me.

Thompson. We will go to him directly; I must see this Adolphine de Courcy; she may be the wife I have so long lamented as dead; or, more probably, the child I have so long and vainly searched for. What an unhappy man I am! doomed never to know a moment's rest.

Rusty. No! I believe you never were so comfortable as when you were under my care in the Bastile. There you were properly looked after! nothing to disturb you.

Thompson. True, true. Ah! I should never have left England, only I knew living was much cheaper in France;

and as I had but a very small fortune, I didn't wish to go beyond it; that brought on all my misfortunes.

Rusty. Serve you right; you shouldn't have deserted your country, merely to save a shilling. I hope all absentees may have as much cause to repent it as you have.

Thompson. Hum! then I should never have married my wife, the chief agent of all my troubles—

Rusty. As most wives are, mine was! But she died in her confinement. She was confined the same time you were. Why did you have one so much your superior in rank and fortune as your wife was?

Thompson. What did I profit by it? When I discovered that the proud old marquis, her father, was never likely to consent to our union, didn't I marry her privately, and remove her into a retirement where I thought no one would ever have discovered us?

Rusty. And were found out the very first thing. She was sent to a nunnery, and you to the Bastile.

Thompson. It was a great misfortune the revolution breaking out.

Rusty. Yes; for then the mob broke in, you gained your liberty, and I lost my place.

Thompson. Failing in my search for my wife and infant girl, I betook myself abroad—

Rusty. Where, having been used to confinement under me, you didn't leave your plantation till you had acquired a princely fortune—

Thompson. And no relation of the name of Thompson to leave it to, only my sister's son Jack Ardourly. But these drawings! this name! I have a thousand hopes and fears; let us hasten directly to satisfy them.

Rusty. Well, I don't mind granting you a rule of court, as it's to transact your private affairs; you may go.

Thompson. Come along, then. Heigho! [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE II.—*Exterior of Monsieur Morbleu's House and Shop in the Seven Dials. Door in flat*, L. *Shutters to open, &c. A watch-box at one, corner* R. *of flat.* (*Night.*)

Enter MORBLEU, R.

Morbleu. Eh! mon Dieu! Je suis bien fatigue vit my great business; all de head of de nation wish to be turn by

me! and I am such grand professeur, I turn all de nation's head; coupe all dere objection short vid dere hair; my close revolution crop silence everyting; and I make every man von Brutus. It is great change, ma foi, for me; in de grande nation, under de ancien regime, I was de general of de regiment: here I am only de perruquier en general, only take de Anglois by de nose in de vay of my occupation. Have noting to do vit any balls but de wash-balls; no powder but de hair-powder; no chevaux-de-friz but de combe and de tongs, dat I friz de cheveax vit. But vere is my housekeeper, Madame Bellegarde? Madame Bellegarde!

[*Knocks at the door of his shop.*

[*Enter* MADAME BELLEGARDE, *from House.*

Eh bien, madame! Me voici, here I am glad to see you and de little domicile once again. Comment vous portez vous, cette bonne evening, madame?

Belle. Merci, monsieur, tres joli!

Mor. Joli! you are joli comme une ange' que tu es charmante, ma chere Madame Bellegarde!

Belle. Ah! Monsieur Morbleu, you have so much of de politesse.

Mor. Ha, ha! true, true! you remember, madame, ven I use to valk de minuet vit you, twenty, tirty year ago, in de cour de Versailles. Oh! l'amour! dose vere bon temps.

AIR.—MORBLEU.

C'est L'amour, L'amour, L'amour, qui fait le monde a la ronde,
Et chaque jour a son tour le monde fait l'amour.
Qui rend la femme plus docile,
Et qui fait doubler ses attraits;
Qui rend les plaisirs plus faciles,
Qui fait excuser ses exces.
Qui rend plus acces ibles les grands dans leurs Palais,
Qui sait rendre sensibles jusques oux sous-prefets.
C'est L'amour, L'amour, L'amour.

Qui donne de l'ame aux Poetes,
Et de la joie aux moins lurons;
Qui donne de l'esprit aux betes,
Et du courage aux plus poltrons.

Qui donne des carosses
Aux tendrons des Paris
Et qui donne des bosses
A beaucoup de Maris
C'est L'amour, L' amour, L amour.

Belle. Ah! monsieur, dat vas under de ancien reglme.

Mor. Oui, oui, en verite. Times very much different now, ma foi! Den I vas Monsiur Morbleu, Chevalier de Saint Louis, and General de Division! and you vere Madame la Marquise de Bellegarde, Dame d'Honneur, and grande beaute! You very different ting now, madame, and so am I. Now I am only one poor barbiere, and you my housekeeper of all vork, to make de bed, scrub de board, and clean de logement. Eh, mon Dieu! but vere is my little protegee, de petite Mademoiselle Adolphine, orpheline de Courcy? pauvre enfante! gone to sell her littel drawing?

Madame B. Oui, monsieur; but she will be back tout de suite.

Morbleu. Bonne fille, bonne fille! She have de key, and can get through de door vithout our stay to open it; so I shall go to my night-cap' for I am very much sleepy, and il est tard.

Nap. [*Without*, L.] Past ten o'clock.

Morbleu. Ah! dere is Monsieur Nap, de vash-a-man; he is come for to go to his box. Yaw'aw! venez, madame. Courage! Louis le Desire, and de ancien regime, shall come back by and by, very often; den ve tread de minuet de la cour togeder again. La, la, lal de ral, de ral!

[*Exeunt into the house, singing* 'C'est l'amour,' *and dancing the minuet de la cour.*]

Enter NAP, *the Watchman*, L.

Nap. Past ten o'clock, and a moonlight night! Well, I have gone my beat, and cried the hour; so now I'll go into my box, and have a comfortable snooze. Past ten o'clock!

Exit into the box, R.

Enter ADOLPHINE, *hastily*, R.

Adolphine. In spite of all my endeavours, my pursuer has traced me here. What will he think of the meanness of

this abode, and what persecutions may I not expect from his attentions! Saint Louis preserve me! 'Tis fortunate I have the key: they come! surely, they will not attempt to knock; at all events, they will knock unanswered by me. [*Exit into the house, unlocking and then relocking the door.*

Enter ARDOURLY *and* TOM KING, *in pursuit.* R.

King. Bravo, victoria! victoria, my boy! I told you Tom King would do the business for you; we've housed her at last.

Ardourly. Yes, there's the mischief of it; what are we to do now?

King. Why, unhouse her, to be sure.

Ardourly. But how?

King. Knock at the door.

Ardourly. And run away?

King. A lover, and run away! Never! stand firm to the last; she may answer the door.

Ardourly. But suppose she shouldn't, and any one else should?

King. Then we have merely made a mistake, that's all.

Ardourly. I'm afraid we shall be mistaken.

King. Or, we can inquire for some one.

Ardourly. Who?

King. Oh! Mr. Jenkins, or Mr. Tomkins, or any one we are sure is not there.

Ardourly. But we may be unlucky enough to pitch upon the very name of some person who is there.

King. To prevent that we'll inquire for your uncle, old Thompson; we are very sure he is not there; so here goes. [*Knocks at Morbleu's door.*

Ardourly. Stay, stay; what are you about?

King. 'Tis done now. [*Listens.*] No answer! the jade suspects us. I'll knock again. [*Knocks.*] They are all gone to bed. [*Listens.*] No; I hear the striking a light; I'll expedite them. [*Knocks again and peeps through the key-hole.*] Somebody coming; pat, pat, pat, pat! What strange animal have we here?

Ardourly. Animal! it is, doubtless, the dear angel herself.

MORBLEU *opens the door, and appears in his night-cap, with a rushlight in his hand.*

Confusion! a man!

Morbleu. Deux gentilhommes, and so late, too! I dare say some rich customer vant me to dress dem for de grand assembly to-night. [*Aside.*] A votre service, messieurs, vat is your plaisir vit me?

King. I merely called, my dear friend, as I was passing your house, to know if—but I've disturbed your rest, I fear?

Morbleu. Oh, point de tout, not at all. I am too much proud of de honneur you confer par cette visite, ma foi.

King. You are very good; we merely called, knowing you are a man of information—

Morbleu. Oh! sare, you do me grand favour. Je vous rend mille graces.

King. Don't mention it. We merely called to inquire if, among the persons who inhabit this street, one Mr. Thompson lodges here.

Morbleu. Diable! dat all! and I leave my bed on purpose? Heigho! [*Aside.*] No, sare; no Monsieur Tonson do live here.

King. Hum! I'm sorry we troubled you, but I though I'd just inquire; couldn't pass by your door without calling you know.

Morbleu. Oh! sare, you are very great polite. Vish you vere at de diable! [*Aside.*

King. Good night! take care you don't catch cold.

Morbleu. Bon soir, messieurs. I am much glad they are going to go. Au revoir! Diable! dis dam puddel in de gutter, I put my foot on him. [*Exit into house.*

King. Mind your rush-light don't go out. Ha, ha, ha! Was there ever seen so curious an animal? Let us see what species he belongs to. Lend me your lanthorn, Charley. [*Takes Nap's lanthorn and reads the inscription over Morbleu's door.*] 'Monsieur Morbleu, Grand Perruquier en Militaire, Coiffeur en General,' Ha, ha, ha!—Very well, Monsieur Morbleu, Grand Perruguier; it is au revoir with us, indeed. We will speedily become better acquainted. There, Charley, there's your lanthorn, and a tizzy for you, my boy. [*Returns the lanthorn, and gives Nap sixpence.*] Zounds! Ardourly, nil desperandum!

Ardourly. I must, you see she does not appear. What's to be done now?

King. Try again. Where is your rascal, Useful?

Ardourly. At my hotel.

King. Then that's our point. I cannot, decently, shew myself again to-night to monsieur, therefore, we'll hasten to the Sabloniere. You write a passionate billet to Miss Morbleu, and let Useful bring it; he's a sharp dog, and with a little of my instruction, will soon afford us both satisfaction and amusement. Allons! Au revoir, Monsieur Morbleu. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt*, R.

Enter NAP, *from his box*,

Nap. (R.) Rum blades, them 'ere; out on a lark, I reckon. Well, it's no business of mine, so long as they don't come on my beat. Half-past ten!

[*Calling the half hour.*

Enter THOMPSON *and* RUSTY, R.

Rusty. I tell you, I'm sure this is the place; but we'll ask the watchman. Pray, my friend, isn't this the Seven Dials?

Nap. [*Holding lanthorn to Rusty's face.*] Ay, master, to be sure it is.

Rusty. There, I told you so. Whereabouts does one Mounseer Morbleu live?

Nap. What, the barber? I don't know: that is—I think—I can't tell.

Rusty. [*To Thompson.*] He thinks he can't tell!

Thompson. Give him a shilling.

[*Rusty gives Nap a shilling.*

Nap. [*Looking at the shilling.*] Oh! I know now, he lives right under your nose; but he's gone to bed.

Thompson. We must knock him up; I cannot pause a moment till my doubts are satisfied.

Nap. That's your business. [*Crosses to* L.] Why the old Frenchman has quite a congregation to-night; but I must go and call the half-hour. Half-past ten! *Exit*, L.

Thompson. Knock, Rusty, knock. I cannot rest.

Rusty. No, nor you'll let nobody else rest. Hallo! [*Knocks at Morbleu's door.*] They're a long time coming.

Thompson. Knock again, try once more.

Rusty. It's no use: however, I suppose you won't be contented, so here goes. [*Knocks again.*

Thompson. Don't you hear the window open?

Rusty. Yes, there's somebody getting up in the garret.

Morbleu. [*Looking out of the garret window.*] Qui va la? Vat is dere, s'il vous plait? Vy you knock at de door of my maison, if you are so good?

Thompson. 'Tis he, 'tis he! Is your name Morbleu, my good friend?

Morbleu. Oui, mon ami!

Thompson. Come down instantly.

Morbleu. Sacrebleu! vil not de matin do, monsieur? for I am in bed, je suis au lit.

Thompson. No; it is a matter of life and death.

Morbleu. Misericorde! dey vant me to bleed somebody. Vell, to oblige you, monsieur, I shall get up—

Thompson. Get up! Zounds! my dear friend, we want you to come down.

Morbleu. And put on my culotte. Restez la pourun moment. Heigho! I never can get not any rest at all. [*Exit from window.*

Thompson. He's coming, he's coming; and now, thank heaven, I shall have all my doubts silenced or confirmed.

Enter MORBLEU *from the House.*

Morbleu. Yaw'aw! excusez moi, monsieur, dat I have no candel, but I have burn my rushlight till him rush all away.

Thompson. Make no apologies, my good friend; the urgent business I come upon precludes all ceremony. You have a lady under your care, bearing the name of Adolphine de Courcy?

Morbleu. Oui, monsieur, certainement; but she never assist in de shop. She never shave any body.

Thompson. Psha! You, doubtless, must have heard of an unfortunate man of the name of Thompson?

Morbleu. Diable! Vat, Monsieur Tonson come again? No, sare, I have heard of no Monsieur Tonson; I tell you so before, sare; no Monsieur Tonson do live here. Vat you mean by pull me out of my bed in dis way? By gar! it dam bad manner and no gentilhomme!

Thompson. But hear me my good friend: this Mr. Thompson—

Morbleu. All von cock and some bull; and if you call me up again, ma foi, I shall charge you vit the vash, for keeping de bad hour. Diable! [*Exit into the house, shutting the door in Thompson's face.*]

Thompson. But my good fellow!—Monsieur!—Monsieur.—Ah! I see how it is, these imperious De Courcys have hired this fellow to keep my wife (for it is undoubtedly she) still in their power: but I'll have redress; I'll go to Bow-street; they've locked her up, and now—

Rusty. 'Tis high time I should lock you up.

Thompson. Nay, Rusty, nay! let us go in search of the police. I'll enter the house by force, liberate my wife, and make a terrible example of those who would detain her from my arms. [*Exeunt* L.

Enter USEFUL, R.

Useful. So the coast is clear at last. I thought those two old twaddlers never would have gone. Let me see: my instructions are, under pretence of inquiring for Mr Thompson, to endeavour to give this letter to Miss Morbleu. Here's the house; now for it. [*Knocks at Morbleu's door.*] No answer? I'll knock again. Hallo! get up, get up.

[*Knocking again violently.*

Morbleu. [*Appearing at the garret window.*] Eh, mon Dieu! is de maison on fire, that you knock so loud?

Useful. No, but you are wanted; you must come down directly; I am sent here in an official capacity, expressly to —but that is alien to the business.

Morbleu. Begar! vat does he say about his official capacity and de alien business? I must have de bienseance, de courtesie to him. [*Aside.*] Tres bien, monsieur officer. I shall come down instamment. How I am broke of my sleep! Heigho! [*Exit from window.*

Useful. So far so good; let me but once effect an entrance, I'll soon accomplish all the rest. Eh! here old soup-meagre comes.

Enter MORBLEU *from the house, sneezing, as if from having newly caught cold.*

Morbleu. Now, Monsieur officeier, saie, I am at your command, if you think so good, bonne grace.

Useful. I merely called, Mr. Morbleu, to enquire—

Morbleu. Yes, sare.

Useful. If there was one Mr. Thompson—

Morbleu. Vat, Monsieur Tonson again?

Useful. Yes, one Mr. Thompson—

Morbleu. Diable! vat you mean, sare? you dam scoundrel! by come again? Vat you mean by Monsieur Tonson, to break my sleep in dis manner. I told you two, one, seven time, dere no Monsieur Tonson here. I know no Monsieur Tonson. Got dam!

Useful. Well, but my good friend, you needn't be in such a passion; if you don't know where Mr. Thompson lives, I dare say Miss Morbleu does, if you'll just have the goodness to call her up; or your servant will do—the housekeeper—or any body.

Morbleu. Parbleu! dis worse than all! You not content vit pull me out of my bed dese tree time, vit your dam Monsieur Tonson; but now you want to pull my vard, Mademoiselle Adolphine, and my housekeeper, Madame Bellegarde out of bed too. Vat dey know about Monsieur Tonson? You use me tres mauvais; I never was use so under de ancien regime, ma foi; it affront my honneur; I shall not put up vit it; I will have de satisfaction—I shall give you to de vash—I shall make a charge of you. Monsieur Vash! (*Calls.*) He shall put you in his box.—Monsieur Vash! [*Calling.*

Useful. Eh! calling the watch? Zounds! I may get in the wrong box here; I'd better be off. Bong swor, Mounseer Soapsuds. [*Exit*, R.

Morbleu. Run away? Begar! I am sorry I did not run him troo. But he shall not get off so vell: Monsieur Vash! Monsieur Vash, I say! [*Calling.*

Enter NAP, L.

Nap. Eh! who wants the watch? here I am: why, hang me! if it 'ent Mounseer Powder-blue, the barber. What's in the wind now? Consarn it! I hope there hasn't been no rogue's breaking in and running away with the pomatum has there?

Morbleu. Vorse dan dat, Mounsieur Vash. I no mind de pomatum run away dis hot veader; but dat dam Monsieur Tonson, run away, too.

Nap. Eh! Mounseer Townsend! who's he?

Morbleu. Oh! by gar! me no know; me no vant to know. He comes here seven, two, tree time, and pull me out of my bed; besides knock my door down; and now I will have him knock down, von dam rascal! you shall vash him ven he come again, and I shall give you him to keep for ever, and lock him in your house, Monsieur Vash: in your dam black hole, vere you live.

Nap. Why, now you speak of it, mounseer, I think I knows the rascal. Isn't this here Townsend a wery ill looking fellow?

Morbleu. Oh! tres mauvais, tres mauvais, nasty fellow, great blaguard; me never saw no man me like to see vorse: he come here to inquire after his relation, ma foi: but me no be cozen in dat vay. I shall charge—by gar! I shall charge—charge him vit you, Monsieur Vash.

Nap. You can't do better; I'll take care of him, mounseer.

Morbleu. Dat is right; you need not be fear, I have been great general, and I shall help you; yes, ven they come I shall—

Nap. Why here they are—

Morbleu. Get behind the door; you can lay avait till dey mention dere name, and den ve vill rush out togeder, break dere neck several times, stop dere mout very often, knock dem down, and lock dem up.

Nap. Good, very good, mounseer; I'll do it. Away with you. [*Exeunt* MORBLEU *into the house*, NAP *into box.*

Enter THOMPSON, *and* RUSTY, *followed by* TRAP *and* WANTEM, L.

Thompson. Now, my good fellows, you know what you have to do; this is the house.

Trap. Ay, ay, ve're fly, master. We will do the right thing, depend on't.

Thompson. Insist on seeing the lady.

Trap. Make your mind easy; we'll rummage her out.

Thompson. Knock at at the door at once and never fear but you'll be properly rewarded. Come, Rusty, let us look on. Stand aside, stand aside.

[RUSTY *and* THOMPSON *stand aside*, R.

Trap. Now Master Wantem, you tattle the tell tale, and I'll open the business.

Wantem. Ay, and I'll knock. [*Knocks at* MORBLEU'S *door.*

Enter MORBLEU *from house.*

Morbleu. Vell, vat you vant? Vat make you here at such late hour, if I am so bold?

Trap. We've a small bit of business with you, mounseer.

Morbleu, (*aside.*) Oui, diable! and I have de small bit of business vit you by-and-by.

Trap. We've come about Muster Thompson's affair.

Morbleu. I thought it was Monsieur Tonson; oui, and now you shall go to de diable. Venez ici, Monsieur Vash, dis is Monsier Tonson; knock him down—lock him up very often.

Nap, (*Rushing out from box, and seizing* WANTEM *and* TRAP.) So, I've got you at last, have I? I'll teach you to come knocking at peoples doors at this time of night.

Trap. Zounds! watchy, what are you at? You're on a wrong scent; we're from the public office.

Morbleu. But you shall no make von public office of my maison, ma foi.

Trap. We're sent by Townsend.

Nap. Ay, ay; that's the name; its all right.

Trap. We've come about a gemman's relation—but I'll tell you the whole pedigree on it.

Nap. We knows all about it, Muster Townsend; you musn't come arter your relations here.

Trap. Zounds! a'nt you awake?

Morbleu. Oui; you take dam good care of dat, Monsieur Tonson: lock him up.

Nap. Ay, ay: to the watch-house with you.

Rusty, (*aside to* THOMPSON.) Lock him up! I'll spare them that trouble with you, master; come along.

Thompson. But, Rusty—

Rusty. It's no use; safe bind, safe find.

[*Exit forcing off* THOMPSON, R.

Trap. But I tell you, you don't understand the business.

Morbleu. Nor me no vant Monsieur Tonson.

Nap. No, no, Muster Townsend.

[*Springs his rattle, which is answered outside,* L. R.

Trap. Eh! a surprise! then here goes for a fair pair of heels, and the devil take the hindmost!

[TRAP *trips up* NAP *and* MORBLEU, R. *and exit hastily with* WANTEM; NAP *and* MORBLEU *get up and follow in pursuit, rattles springing.*

SCENE III.—*Exterior of the Sabloniere Hotel, in Leicester Square. Door in flat,* L. *Rattles heard without,* R.

Enter USEFUL, *hastily,* R.

Useful. By those rattles, it would seem, the watchmen, that cursed Frenchman sent after me, are close at my heels Its lucky I've reached my master's hotel, that I may get housed at once. (*Rings the bell and knocks violently.*) Here they come! but they'll be dissappointed for once.

[*Exit into hotel.*

Enter THOMPSON *and* RUSTY, *hastily.*

Thompson. Are we out of their reach, Rusty? Yes; they've taken another direction, so we may stop and breathe a bit.

Rusty. It's all my fault; I shouldn't have let you stop out. I might have known no good could follow it. But come, let us get home to bed.

Thompson. 'Twill be of no use; I shall not be able to sleep a wink. I must make another attempt. It is now near daybreak; I'll throw myself on a sofa for an hour or two, and the first thing in the morning we'll set off to this barber once more; as he only saw us in the dark, he'll not know us again; and under pretence of getting dressed and shaved by him, I can sound the rascal, and, perhaps, pump the truth out of him.

Rusty. Pump the life out of him! I would, if I had my will.

Thompson. You must indulge me in this, Rusty, if you lock me up for a twelve month after it.

Rusty. Well, well; you always coax me over; I'm the most tender-hearted keeper in Christendom. Come along.

Thompson. Stay, who are these? Stand aside.

[THOMPSON *and* RUSTY *stand aside.*

Enter TOM KING, ARDOURLY, *and* USEFUL, *from the hotel.*

King. Ha, ha, ha! old Thompson little thinks how we are amusing ourselves at his expense.

Thompson What? [*Aside.*

King. And so the Frenchman called for the watch did he?

Thompson. "My expense—old Thompson—the watch!" What does all this mean? As I live, my graceless nephew! Oh, oh! I see it all. [*Aside.*

King, (*turning round and seeing* THOMPSON *and* RUSTY) Halloo! what pair of antiquities are these? From what curiosity-shop have they escaped?

Thompson, (*to* ARDOURLY.) Oh! you rascal.

Ardourly. My uncle! confusion! I'm ruined! how the devil shall I get off? [*Aside.*

Thompson. You villian! but I'll—(*Rattles heard without*, R.) Eh! they're coming, Rusty, [*Exit with* RUSTY.

King. Ha, ha, ha! Why the old boy's off like a shot; he's getting into his second childhood, frightened at the sound of a rattle.

Ardourly. 'Tis a lucky escape for me, faith! he would not have gone off so quickly, if he had known those watchmen were in pursuit of his hopeful nephew. [*Aside.*

King. We must carry on the war; the old Frenchman shall have no rest till you have. We'll storm his castle again to-morrow night; Thompson is the watchword, love the object.—Tom King the leader, and victory must follow.

[*Rattles heard nearer*, R. *Exeunt hastily*, L. *followed by Nap, who crosses in pursuit, springing rattles, and crying*, Stop 'em, stop 'em, stop 'em!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Interior of Monsieur Morbleu's shop. Door in flat*, R.

MADAME BELLEGARDE *discovered, seated. Table, two chairs, and candle.*

Madame B. Monsieur no return vit Mademoiselle Adolphine. How long de time does hang! Heigho! in ma patrie, de hour always pass quick as de little minute; here it so dull and so cloudy, that pauvre Time can no see his way; but creep, creep, creep, as slow as de old vash-a-man. (*Knock without*, R. D. *in flat.*) O miscricorde! me hope dat is no Monsieur Tonson dat come last night, come again. I shall no open de door till I know. Qui va la? vat is de knock dere?

Morbleu. (*Without.*) Ouvrez la porte—C'est moi, madame.

Madame B. Mousieur himself. It all right—(*Opens the door*)—and mademoiselle, too! quel bonheur!

Enter MORBLEU *and* ADOLPHINE, R. D. *in flat.*

Tres bien venu, mes amis.

Morbleu. (C.) Merci, madame—voila mon enfant. We have reach home safe at last! You shall never go out by yourself to sell your drawing, unless you are alone, never no more, if you no like.

Adolphine. (R.) Indeed, sir, I have but too good cause for apprehension! the horrid attack made on me this morning!—

Morbleu. Ah! by dat dam Monsieur Tonson! Diable! he one peste; he not content vit come and call me up all night, but he return de first ting to-day to be dress and shave. Me hope he vill not come again to-night.

Madame B. (L.) Sans doute, it vas some pauvre maniac. You see his keeper took him avay par violence.

Morbleu. Keeper or no keeper, I vish he vould keep avay from me, mon Dieu! But you are mistake, madame; dis Monsieur Tonson is sent by de Convention to kill us, because ve are friend to de grand monarque and de ancien regime!

Madame B. Misericorde! Ve must be very much careful.

Morbleu I shall not open de door, never, nor go any vere in all de vorld, at all, vithout you, madame! dat if dis Monsieur Tonson should kill us, ve may be vitness for one anoder to get him hang.

Adolphine. How much longer my generous benefactor, am I to trespass on your bounty? Is there no clue by which I can discover my parents?

Morbleu. None dat I know of, ma foi: Ven de revolution broke out, de Marquis de Courcy, mon grand ami, send for me to de Conciergerie, vere he vas vait to be guillotine, commit you to my care as un pauvre orpheline dat belong a sa famille; charge me to take you to England, and bring you up; give me de trinket and de letter dat I give you, and finish de sad tale by having his head chop off de next day dat vas to come!

Adolphine. And did he not reveal the name of my parents?

Morbleu. No: he no tell me vat vas your pere, nor vat vas your mere. He tell me he call you Adolphine de Courcy, and prize you as de last of his maison.

Adolphine. Unhappy man! Unhappy Adolphine!

Morbleu. It great misfortune certainment; but pourquoi you grieve? I protect you. You no vant fader nor moder vile I live, and though we no much rich, dis genereuse nation never suffer even her enemy to vant, but relieve de people in distress von day, dey kill very much in de batle de next. But come, it is now souper time, and ve vill go to bed; for I am von very great deal sleepy, and must dormir for to night and last night all togeder. Venez, ma chere Adolphine; venez, madame; ve vill go and get our souper.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Exterior of Morbleu's shop.*

Enter Tom King *and* Ardourly, R.

King. The sly old fox thinks he's got the young chick all to himself; but he's mistaken, and so is madame Partlett, the hen; we'll soon draw them out of their coop: yes, now to begin our holy work for the evening—"*Thompson's* Night Thoughts."

Ardourly. And do you think it will be of any avail?

King. I do; but if we fail again in attempting to effect an entrance, in their very teeth, we must resort to stratagem. I have a scheme already prepared, that must succeed; vive la bagatelle!

Ardourly. Thou art a strange genius. Thy godfathers mistook when they christened thee Tom King; they should have named thee Joe King, for such thou ever art; I trust all to thee.

King. You shall not be disappointed. Now, then for a coaxing, insinuating piece of street-door eloquence, that shall draw this old Frenchman through a deal board. I'm acquainted with every species of knock, from the single tap of the dun to the thundering lom, tom—tom, tom, tom—tom a rom-a-tom-tom! of the fashionable footman. Mark this: (*Knocks at Morbleu's door.*)—I hear somebody; they are waiting for us. Hush! if I can trust my ears, monsieur and his rib are disputing which shall come first, worthy souls! they're so anxious to receive us; listen!

Morbleu. (*Within.*) Pardonnez moi, madame, de marchioness always rank before de general.

Madame B. (*Within.*) Non, de general always go first, de femme go vit de baggage.

Morbleu. (*Within.*) Ve vil split de difference and go side by side; you shall unlock de bolt while I unbolt de lock—Now, madame. [*The door opens and*

MORBLEU *and* MADAME BELLEGARDE *appear.*

King. Serviteur, madame. Your moust obedient, monsieur. Pray, can you inform me if one Mr. Thompson lodges here?

Morbleu. By gar, 'tis Monsieur Tonson come again! Rascal! villain! get from my sight! get from my door! I shall be hang for you at vonce, and kill you outright, if you no go, Oh! dat I had my regiment here, to charge you vit dere bayonet!

King. It would be of no use, my good friend; in the performance of my duty, an army wouldn't turn me. I have a sacred trust to execute in finding out Mr. Thompson, and all your threats will be of no avail. I am convinced he is in your house.

Morbleu. He is no in my house, I say. By gar, he is no in my house. Sur mon honneur, he is no in my house.

King. That we must ascertain in person. We must search your house.

Morbleu. Vat! doubt my honneur? search my maison? I dat have been great general? Sacrebleu! I vill be revenge. Dere is no Monsieur Tonson here. I know no Monsieur Tonson. My housekeeper, who vas great marchioness, know dere is no Monsieur Tonson here.

Madame B. Non, non; monsieur is right; dere is no Monsieur Tonson here.

King. We must fulfil our duty; 'tis painful to us to—

Morbleu. You shall no search my maison.

King. But necessity—

Morbleu. Keep at von distance.

Madame B. You shall no come in.

King. We must not stand on ceremony, my good friend so I shall take the liberty to—

Morbleu. Shut the door in your face, ma foi.

[*Exeunt* MORBLEU *and* MADAME BELLEGARDE, *shutting the door in their faces, just as they are on the point of effecting an entrance.*

King. Ha, ha, ha! fairly shut out, by Jove; the portcullis let down just as we crossed the bridge. Is Useful in waiting?

Ardourly. He is at the Sabloniere.

King. Now then for stratagem. During the day I took the liberty of furnishing myself with an impression of Monsieur's street-door key, in wax; a skilful blacksmith has made me one accordingly. I will now go and instruct Useful how to get the old Frenchman out, by some plausible story, he once out, we'll slip in, and while you improve the moments with miss, I'll make love to the old woman.

Ardourly. This, indeed, promises something; only let me have an opportunity of expressing my passion to the dear girl, of proving my disinterestedness, my sincerity, and I am happy.

King. Allons! my boy, it shall be done; we'll about it instantly; au revoir, monsieur! [*Exeunt*, R.

Enter MORBLEU *and* MADAME BELLEGARDE, *creeping cautiously from the house.*

Morbleu. Prenez garde, madame. Oh! it is all right; dat dam Monsieur Tonson is go avay. By gar, he is von fantome; but ve vill lay him: you shall put von pail of water in de garret window, and ven he come again ve vill drown him for von vitch.

Madame B. Oui, and den ve shall know vich von he is.

Morbleu. Tres bien, tres bien; ve vill lay and vait for him togeder in de garret, madame, and he shall find it never rain, but it pour vater; dis vay, madame.

[*Exeunt ceremoniously into the house.*

Enter THOMPSON *and* RUSTY, L,

Rusty. Well, well; on condition that you stand on one side, and don't interfere, I have no objection to another application being made to this old mounseer, but it must be all left to me; you shall see how I'll manage things. If I don't obtain something satisfactory, I'll give you leave

to lock me up all the rest of my days, only you keep out of the way.

Thompson. I'll not meddle, though I should like to have a hand in it. [*Retires*, L. S. E.

Rusty. You shall see how the Frenchman will shower his information on me, directly I apply. Are you quite out of the way?

Thompson. Yes.

Rusty. Then I'll commence operations.

[*Knocks at* MORBLEU'S *door.* MORBLEU *looks out of the window.*

Morbleu. Vat is dere? Vat you vant, sare?

Rusty. I'll open the affair at once. (*Aside.*) I come from Mr. Thompson, about Mrs. Thompson, or Miss Thompson, whichever it is you are keeping so snugly here.

Morbleu. Vat, Madame Tonson come as vell as Monsieur Tonson? and Mademoiselle Tonson, too! Diable! ve shall have Maitre Tonson and de whole famille of de Tonsons next. Me fear von pail of water vill not be half enough! I must get de New River cock turn on. [*Aside.*

Madame B. (*At window, peeping over Morbleu's shoulder.*) You are von great story, sare. Monsieur here keep no madame Tonson, no mademoiselle Tonson: he keep no voman but me and Mademoiselle Adolphine.

Morbleu. Non; madame is right; I keep no voman but dem; dere is no Tonson here, as I tell you before.

Rusty. Come, come, this won't do; I am not to be sent off with such an answer as this.

Morbleu. Non? den, by gar, I must answer you in von oder way.

Rusty. I knew I should get something more from him. [*Aside.*

Morbleu. But first, permettez-moi ask von question, sare. Avez-vous had your souper?

Rusty. Supper? No, to be sure I haven't.

Morbleu. Den I shall give you something by vay of von vet, to stay your stomach till you have. Dere Monsieur Tonson, take dat. [*Throws water on Rusty.*

[*Exeunt* THOMPSON *and* RUSTY, *hastily, calling out "murder" &c.* L.

Enter MORBLEU, *from the House.*

Morbleu. Ha, ha, ha! dat dam Monsieur Tonson has got

von duck for his souper. Oui, oui; he has had de vater, and now he vill vish for de fire, so I shall give him von varm reception de next time he goes to come. Vere is Monsieur Vash? Monsieur Vash!

Enter NAP. R.

Nap. Here I am, mounseer; but it's not my hour, yet.

Morbleu. Vere is your great big blunderbuss?

Nap. At home.

Morbleu. You shall go and fetch it, load it vit powder and littel pea, so dat it may not kill nobody, den go up and keep vash in my garret, and ven dis Monsieur Tonson come again, shoot him, and make him all over plum pudding; dese Anglois like dat. Oui; you shall pepper him all over, for von seasoning; he has de duck, now he shall have de pea.

Nap. I'll take care he shall smell powder, mounseer; but I mustn't go off my beat in this coat; I'll put it in my box till I come back.

Morbleu. Do; dere is de key of de street door; you can let yourself in, ven you come back, and take your post in de garret, venever you like.

Nap. That won't be long, my cellar isn't far off.

(*Pulls off his watchman's coat, puts it into his box and exit*, L.

Morbleu. Dat settled, I can have some sleep vonce more; for I am very large sleepy. [*Exit in house.* L.

Enter USEFUL, R

Useful. "Wheedle the old Frenchman out!" hang him; he's just gone in; but I must obey my instructions. (*Knocks*) Now for a good round lie. (*Knocks again.*) Zounds! the Frenchman won't come.

Morbleu. (*Above.*) It no do, Monsieur Tonson; you have change your habit for no purpose at all. I shall not come down. You had better call again in von half hour as shall come.

Useful. My dear friend, you entirely mistake; I come from no Mr. Tonson; I don't know any such person; I come for you; you are wanted at court immediately.

Morbleu. Court? By gar, den Louis de Desire has sent

for me to be shave. Oui, oui; I will come down directly; anything to make my way to de court.

[*Exit from the window.*

Useful. He bites; "Court"—Yes, he shall go to St. Martin's-court, and there I'll leave him. There never was such a fellow as Useful; my master never had Useful's fellow.

Enter MORBLEU, *from the house.*

Morbleu. Now, sare, I am here all ready—tout pret.

Useful. Ready to pray, Monsieur? Nonsense; are you ready to walk? because, if you are, allons! for we haven't a minute to lose.

Morbleu. Oh! oui, certainment; apres vous, monsieur.

Useful. D—n ceremony! This way, this way? (*Exeunt.*

Enter TOM KING *and* ARDOURLY, R.

King. There they go; the old fox is bagged. Now, then, to try if the locksmith's daughter is true to us. Here's a clear coast and a fair opportunity. (*Opens the door.*) Yes, it's all right, the door is open; love invites you; the Rubicon lies before you; you have only to cross it and be happy, you dog.

Ardourly. Ten thousand thanks! but you—

King. On second thoughts, I'll keep watch without here, to guard against surprise. In with you. Where can I conceal myself? Eh! zounds! this watch-box, is there anybody in it? What's here? A watch-coat, rattle, and lanthorn. Where's the owner? *Tempus fugit!* ay, and the chronicler of time hath flown too. As he has deserted his post, I'll make bold to take it (*Dresses himself in* NAP'S *coat &c.*) Now, then, I'm as good a watchman as any Charley among them,—"Past ten o'clock and a star-light morning!"

(*Exeunt* TOM KING *into the watch-box, and* ARDOURLY *into the house; the former crying the hour grotesquely.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the house of* MORBLEU.

Enter ADOLPHINE, R.

Adolphine. Why am I unprotected thus? Few, fond memorials of parents beloved, though unknown, what hope

have I from thee? Dear nameless image of a mother's beauty! (*Looking at a miniature which she takes from her bosom.*) Brief records of a father's love! (*Looking at letters.*) the danger that forbade the hazard of a name before, for ever shuts out all disclosure now, and I must still live on, hopeless, joyless, kinless, friendless!

ARDOURLY *appears stealing in* L. *door in flat.*

Ardourly. Not so, sweet girl; here, at thy feet, kneels one who would be friend, kin, all, to thee.

Adolphine. Ha! rash youth! what brings you here at this untimely hour? How did you gain admittance! Surely I have not been betrayed?

Ardourly. Banish your fears: I cannot live without you. As a proof of my sincerity, I will this moment conduct you to the altar.

Adolphine. For heaven's sake, sir! I conjure you, leave me. Should you be discovered here, and at this hour, how would the world—

Ardourly. I must carry her off by a coup de main. 'At lovers' perjuries.' (*Aside.*) You alarm yourself unnecessarily. Your guardian sanctions, nay, has desired this visit; he has obtained tidings of your parents—

Adolphine. Ah! of my parents. Oh! where is he?

Ardourly. He has sent me hither, purposely to conduct you to him; this key is witness of my veracity.

Adolphine. Fortunate, unlooked-for occurrence! I little thought the messenger that called my guardian out just now, was one of so much joy. Let us not lose a moment.

Ardourly. She's mine, she's mine! this note will prevent all unnecessary alarm. (*Throws a note upon the table, unperceived by* ADOLPHINE.) This way, this way, my charmer! [*Exeunt door in flat,* L.

Enter MADAME BELLEGARDE, R.

Madame B. Vere mon infant Adolphine, that she no come for her souper? Vat do I see? It I can believe my eyes, I see her not here; and vat mean this papier? (*Reads*) "Ven next you behold your vard, she vill be de maitresse of de house of Tonson." Mon Dieu! de pauvre child is gone; dat Monsieur Tonson has take her. Oh! miseri-

corde! vat a dark night is dis.—Vere Monsieur Morbleu? Pauvre enfant! pauvre enfant! Mousieur! Monsieur!

[*Exit* R. *calling.*

SCENE IV.—*Exterior of* MORBLEU'S *House.*

TOM KING *in* NAP'S *Coat, &c. from Watchhouse.*

King. "Past ten o'clock, and a gas-light night!" All's quiet yet. (*Peeps at the door.*) Eh! here he comes, and not without his errand. He has stormed the fort, and now soldier-like, is retreating with his baggage.

Enter ARDOURLY, *from the House, bearing* ADOLPHINE.

Ardourly. (*Aside to* KING.) I've succeeded; she's mine. This way, sweet girl! this way. [*Exit,* R.

King. Mum! he's carried her off, safe enough. Some body coming; I'll into my box. [*Exit into box.*

Enter NAP, *with a blunderbuss,* L.

Nap. There; I've loaded it just enough to leave its mark behind; one musn't go to kill nobody. Where's the key, that I may take my post in the garret and wait for this Mr. Townsend; he shall nap the contents of this, directly he knocks at the door, as sure as my name is Charley. I shall have plenty of time to cry the hour by-and-by.

[*Unlocks the door and enters* MORBLEU'S *house.*

King, (*from the box.*) Hum! it's lucky I staid. "Beware of spring-guns!" Egad! here's a customer for him. As I live, the old Frenchman; snug's the word; I smell mischief.

Enter MORBLEU, L.

Morbleu. Diable! dat it should be all von hoax at last Dat dam Mounsieur Tonson is down at the bottom of all. I am so vex, dat I could almost shoot myself for de chagrin. I will get my bed. (*Going to knock, draws back*) Stay, vere is Monsieur Nap? he may mistake, and shoot me for dis Tonson.

King. Past twelve o'clock!

Morbleu. Oh, he is dere in his box; it is all comme il faut. (*knocks at the door.*) Madame! Madame Bellegarde!

Nap, (*Above.*) Ay, ay, Master Townsend; you blackguard, take that; I'm guard here. [*Fires at* MORBLEU

Morbleu. Oh! by gar, I am murder! I am kill! Dat damn Monsieur Tonson!

Nap. Eh! zounds! what have I done? I've shot Mounseer Powder-blue! here's a business.

TOM KING, *from the box.*

King. Ha, ha, na! It's high time for me to be off.

Pulls off NAP'S *coat, and exit laughing,* R.

[*Exit* MORBLEU, *hastily* L. NAP *and* MADAME BELLEGARDE *at the windows of the House, holding up their hands in astonishment.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Elephant and Castle, Newington.*

Enter SNAP *and Waiters, preparing the Room,* R. *The two waiters bring on a Table and two chairs, and exit,* L.

Snap. Now, boys, bustle about, the coaches will be coming in soon; all stop at the Elephant and Castle. you know. Get the room ready for passengers.

Fip, (*without,* L.) Waiter! Waiter!

Snap. This way, sar! this way! this is the parlour.

Enter FIP, L.

Fip. Has there been a French lady here, inquiring for Mr. Fip, or Mr. Assignat?

Snap. No, sar.

Fip. Then the Dover Coach has not come in yet?

Snap, Not yet, sar. [*Exit,* L.

Fip. I shall be in the way when it does.

Snap. Very well, sar.

Fip. Who the deuce is the French lady, my master, old Assignat has sent me to meet? Some nun, I think he says, coming from Calais; to take refuge in the convent at Hammersmith, I suppose. I'm to give her this letter, and take her to our chambers in Paper-buildings; *de tout mon cœur.* No lawyer's clerk in the kingdom is more *au fait* at anything of this kind than I am, or cuts a better figure, I flatter myself, on eighteen-shillings a-week, than I do. Well, I'll go and look at the paper till the coach comes in.

[*Exit,* R.

Enter SNAP, *showing in* MORBLEU, L.

Snap. This way, sar; this is the parlour, sar; plenty of coaches—Brighton, Dover, Hastings—anywhere you like to go to, sar.

Morbleu. Begar, I like to go anyvere, vere I no meet vit dat dam Monsieur Tonson. Oh! my pauvre back! I am all pepper and fright.

Snap. As you've not made up your mind where you'd please to go, have you made up your mind what you'd please to take, sar?

Morbleu. Eh! bien—ah! j'ai tres grand faim. I shall take von pork schop.

Snap. Pork shop! don't think there's any to let about this neighbourhood, sar.

Morbleu. Nonsense! you make de grand mistake.

Snap. A steak? very well, sar.

Morbleu. Vell, a steak vill do very vell, sare? and vaiter—

Snap. Steak and water—have 'em directly, sar; one on the fire now. Cookey, dish up that steak, with a glass of water, for the foreign gentleman here. [*Calling off*, R.

Enter FIP, R.

Fip. Well, waiter, coach come in yet, eh?

Snap. No, sar.

Fip. Hum! then I must amuse myself as well as I can till it does. Have you any books of any kind? any of the poets? We lawyer' clerks always patronize the poets; best judges in the world!

Snap. Our bar-maid has, I believe sar; I'll get you one directly. [*Exit* R. FIP *takes a chair and sits in centre.*

Morbleu. Vat vill pauvre Madame Bellegarde do now I leave my shop? though she grande Marchioness, she must go to the vorkhouse, ma foi! and Mademoiselle Adolphine, pauvre enfant? [*Sits down at table.*

Enter SNAP *with steak and water*, R.

Snap. Your steak, sar. [*To* MORBLEU.

Morbleu. Tres bon garcon—I am very faint, so I shall take a———

Snap. Glass of water, sar. [*Putting it down.*

Morbleu. Vell, I may have vorse ting, so I shall make myself content vid dis.

Fip. Well, waiter, where's my book?

Morbleu. Now for von nice piece. [*Cutting the steak.*

Snap. Beg your pardon, sar, here it is.

Fip. Ha! what have we here? "The Seasons." My old favourite Thompson!

Morbleu. Vat! (*dropping his knife and fork.*) Tonson

Fip. Yes, Thompson; don't you admire him.

Morbleu. Monsieur Tonson here? Mon Dieu! den he is every where; at home and abroad, and every place in de world beside. I have leave my maison for him; I have leave my shop, my boutique for him, and now he make me leave de country and my steak for him. Oh! Monsieur Tonson! Monsieur Tonson! [*Going*, R.

Fip. Stay, sir, here is some mistake.

Snap. Pray, sar; you forgot the steak.

Voice without, (L.) Dover coach! That way, ma'am, you'll find the gemman there.—[MORBLEU, *in attempting to depart hastily, runs against* MRS. THOMPSON, *who is entering at that moment preceded by a waiter*, L.

Waiter. A room for Mrs. Thompson here, [*Exit*, R.

Morbleu. Diable! Je vous demande mille pardons, madame; but dat dam Monsieur Tonson—

Mrs. T. A countryman, and pronouncing the name of Thompson! Can you give me any information of Mr. Thompson, sir?

Morbleu. Eh! diable! Again!

Fip. My dear sir, I regret the name of our immortal Thompson—

Morbleu. Immortal by gar! he is immortal, for dere never will be not any end to him! he come at all seasons.

Fip. Yes! his seasons are his noblest work. In spite of your dislike, sir, you must allow me to say, I think his death was a great loss to the country.

Morbleu. Dead! Vat is Monsieur Tonson dead?

Mrs. T. If it is of Mr. Thompson you are speaking, sir; I believe there is but too little doubt on that subject.

Fip. No doubt at all, ma'am; I could convince you of it in a minute.

Morbleu. Den I will go back to my shop again. Ha, ha, ha! I am so glad. Bon jour, madame, bon jour, monsieur —Monsieur Tonson dead! Ha, ha! lira la, lira la!

(*Sings.*) Monsieur Tonson is dead! Monsieur Tonson is dead!

Monsieur Tonson is dead! he is very dead indeed!

[*Exit* L, *singing to the air of* "*Marlbrook.*"

Mrs. T. Very strange, that the death of my husband should excite such joy in a countryman.

Fip. You come from Calais, I presume.

Mrs. T. I do, Sir.

Fip. This letter then, will explain every thing.

Mrs. T. (*Reading.*) "*Madame, agreeably to your instructions from Paris, through Monsieur Dupin, I have caused advertisements to be inserted in the newspapers, offering a reward for any information on the subject of your husband's death, hitherto without effect. Respecting the young lady, Miss Adolphine de Courcy, whom you inquire about, I have discovered that she lives at the house of Monsieur Morbleu, a peruquier, in the Seven Dials, whither my clerk will wait to conduct you, as also to the residence of your humble servant,* LOUIS ASSIGNAT.—*Paper Buildings, Aug.*, 24., '96" Let me not lose a moment in clasping the dear child in my arms.

Fip. I'll conduct you thither instantly, madam. This way, this way; fine woman, 'pon my veracity. [*Exeunt,* L.

SCENE VI.—*Exterior of* MORBLEU'S *House.*

Enter MORBLEU, *singing,* "Monsieur Tonson is dead, &c."

Morbleu. Ha, ha, ha! I vill open my shop again. (*Opens the shutters.*) Madame, Madame Bellegarde! [*Knocks.*

Enter MADAME BELLEGARDE, *from the House.*

Embrassez, embrassez, Madame, Monsieur Tonson is dead!

Madame. Oh! mon Dieu! est-il possible, Monsieur?

Morbleu. (c.) Oui! oui! Madame; it is all true enough, Monsieur Tonson is dead as de nail door, and vill never trouble us again. Ve shall live in great clover now, and sleep as quiet as the night long. So ve vill go in and have de littel drop of vite liqueur, dat dese Anglois call Geneva, and drink confusion to Monsieur Tonson. [*Sings.*

"Monsieur Tonson is dead."

Madame B. If we had but Mademoiselle Adolphine here. Monsieur—

Morbleu. N'importe. n'importe; she shall not be lose; de bellman shall run after her very hard to-morrow. Come, madame. [*Exeunt into the House, singing and dancing.*

Enter TOM KING, L.

King. Ha! here's the scene of frequent mirth. My poor old Frenchman. I wonder if he's at home. Egad! I'll knock and see. [*Knocks.*

MORBLEU *and* BELLEGARDE *appear at the door, singing.*

Morbleu. Vell, sare; you vant to be shave!

King. Mounseer himself, as I live! Pray, sir; does one Mr. Thompson live here?

Morbleu. Got dam! Here Monsieur Tonson come again. I am paralize;

Madame B. Oui, monsieur dead, and dis is his ghost!

Enter ARDOURLY *and* ADOLPHINE.

Adolphine. My word is pledged; unravel the mystery of my birth, and that moment my hand is yours.

Ardourly. I swear it! You are my cousin: these letters which you have shewn me, as the only relic of your father, are in the writing of my uncle; the initials, too, correspond: P. T.—Peregrine Thompson.

Morbleu. Two Monsieur Tonsons! I am tunder-struck.

Madame B. Dis is de Monsieur Tonson dat steal off mademoiselle!

King. Jack Ardourly!

Ardourly. Tom King! Congratulate me.

Enter RUSLY *and* THOMPSON, *the latter with a newspaper.*

Thompson. I don't care, Rusty, this is my wife's advertisement, and I will answer it in person. Ha! here is the Frenchman himself. Now, Sir, Mr. Thompson is not dead. I am Mr. Thompson, and demand my wife.

Morbleu. Tree Monsieur Tonson! Mon Dieu! dere is no end of dem. Your vife is no here, I tell you; your vife is—

Enter FIP *and* MRS. THOMPSON, R.

Fip. This way, madam; this is Monsieur Morbleu.

Mrs. T. Then, sir, you will resolve me at once. My name is Thompson,

Morbleu. Four Tonsons! De vorld is at von end!

[*Faints in* MADAME BELLEGARDE'S *arms.*

Mrs. T. I come to claim my child, my Adolphine.

Adolphine. Ah! my mother! [*Embraces her.*

Thompson. Rusty, it must be,—it is my wife.

Mrs. T. My Husband, my child.

Rusty. Found his wife! then he won't want me to lock him up.

Thompson. Ardourly—nephew, you have lost a fortune.

Ardourly. But I have gained a wife, sir, by this discovery, and I am happy.

King. (*crosses to* C.) I see your hearts are too full for method. Let us in, and mutually explain these seeming

mysteries. Mr. Thompson has found a wife and daughter; they have found a husband and a father; Ardourly has found a bride; Monsieur Morbleu has found out his persecutors; but will, I trust, with the kind permission of our friends, have ample cause to bid our Monsieur Tonson welcome, and gently whisper--come again.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Tom King, Mrs. T. Thompson.

Fip. Adolphine. Jack A. Mor. Bel. Rusty.

R. C. L.

THE END.

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